Till the Morning Comes by botanicapoetica

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Summary:

This will have to do. For now.

Till the Morning Comes

Author's Note:

> This is something I spat out for sweet commenter Meena, who asked:
>
> "can you write a harringrove one shot where Billy & Steve are in a relationship, and one night Billy shows up at Steve's house, all bloody and battered and sobbing, and Steve comforts him?"
>
> Hope this was to your liking, my friend.
>
> Also, the title of this fic comes from the lovely song of the same name by Neil Young, who I like to think Billy secretly enjoyed listening to

Steve was woken up in the middle of the night by the smashing of glass in his backyard. He shot up out of bed, his heart hammering inside of his chest, and threw enough clothes on to be decent. Just to be safe, he grabbed his bat from behind the door on his way to the pool. Steve belatedly realized he had forgotten to put on his shoes, which was probably not great if he was about to face something potentially large and jesus christ, probably supernatural. He got a look outside from the sliding glass door and saw that while he wasn't up against some giant demogorgon hive queen or some shit, this wasn't that much better.

Billy was laying on his back on the side of the pool, one arm bringing a cigarette to his mouth, the other grasping for another bottle out of the few that were above his head. His head lolled lazily in Steve's direction at the sound of the sliding glass door opening, and a smile creeped onto his face.

"Heya, Stevie. Would've thrown pebbles at your window, but your lawn is too well manicured." Billy said, cigarette bobbing in the corner of his mouth as he spoke. Steve could see that Billy's eye was just this shy of swelling shut, and something on his face must've given away his concern because Billy got into a sitting position right

away.

Steve sat down in front of him, pushing a few of Billy's curls out of his face, plucking the cigarette out of his mouth and grinding it into the asphalt. "What happened?" Steve asked, trying to get Billy to meet his eyes, which was proving to be a difficult task. Steve wondered how long Billy had been out here, too afraid to knock on the door, still somehow not understanding how welcome he was here. He thought about how long it took for Billy to tell him about his dad, even now only offering snippets. It had been like pulling teeth to get Billy to even just let Steve tell him he loved him. Judging by the slight way he was shivering under his denim jacket and the small handful of beer bottles laying around, he figured it had been a while.

"I uh, y'know, I don't even remember. Sometimes I can't remember why, I just figure it had to have been a good reason. I'm always disappointing him, I can't go one day without…" Billy trailed off, slurring a bit but probably not as drunk as he'd have liked to be. Steve finally got him trapped in his gaze, holding him there with a hand on the unblemished side of his face. This seemed to jar him out of the cloud he was keeping himself in, his eyes instantly going big and wet. "I don't know. I don't know, I-I wanted to call and he kicked me out for the night so I couldn't get-"

Steve stopped him with a kiss to his forehead, shaking his head against the other boy's to tell him it was fine, that he didn't need to explain anything. "Come on, let's go inside. You don't need to be out here, honey." he said simply, helping Billy to his feet and eventually into his bedroom, sitting him down gently on his bed while he grabbed the first aid kit from his bathroom. He walked back into the bedroom to Billy doubled over, the heels of his hands digging into his eyes even though it had to have hurt like a bitch. Steve set the kit on the bed and kneeled on the floor between Billy's legs, moving his hands away from his face to inspect his eye. The skin was broken underneath his eyebrow so Steve cleaned it the best he could, feeling ineffectual and small in the face of something this unfathomably huge and ugly. So he offered the only thing he could. He grabs Billy's hands and looked up at him, holding his gaze again.

"Nobody can hurt you here, Billy. Nobody ever fucking will." Steve

said firmly, squeezing Billy's hands for emphasis. Tears started falling in fat drops down the other boy's cheeks, his hiccups turning into full blown sobs. Billy slid off the bed towards Steve as Steve tried his best to contain Billy's body at this angle, falling back onto his ass. Ugly, screaming sobs were stifling themselves against his sweatshirt, and Steve ran his hand down Billy's back, holding his head firmly against his chest. "You're mine and I've got you. Don't be scared, Billy." he said, knowing the words wouldn't be enough, that nothing in the world could stop Billy being scared until they'd graduated. Just three more months, he'd been saying to the both of them on nights like this. He could use his parents' guilt as leverage to leave, get them some small apartment out of this place. He could offer that. Just not yet.

This would do for now.

Author's Note:

> feel free to follow my journey into the sin bin at botanicapoetica.tumblr.com